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A. BROWN & BRO.,

OCALA, FLORIDA

A FAMOUS TEXAS POEM.

Many years ago a private belonging to the United States Sixth Cavalry, while stationed at Fort Brown, wrote a poem entitled, "Hell in Texas." This poem was printed on slips on the old army press at Fort Brown and attained a wide private circulation among the soldiers on the Texas frontier. A copy of it was recently resurrected here, says the Cincinnati Inquirer. It reads as follows:

HELL IN TEXAS.

The devil in hell we are told was chained,
And a thousand years he there remained;
He never complained, nor did he groan,
But determined to start a hell of his own.
Where he could torment the souls of men
Without being chained into a prison pen.
So he asked the Lord if he had on hand
Anything left when he made the land.
The Lord said "Yes, I had plenty on hand
But I left it down on the Rio Grande;
The fact is, old boy, the stuff is so poor,
I don't think you could use it in hell any more."
But the devil went down to look at the truck,
And said if it came as a gift he was stuck;
For after examining it carefully a well,
He concluded the place was too dry for a hell.
So in order to get it off his hands,
The Lord promised the devil to water the lands;
For he had some water, or rather, some dogs,
A regular cathartic, and smelled like bad eggs,
Hence the deal was closed and deed was given,
And the Lord went back to his home in heaven.
And the devil then said: "I have all that is needed
To make a good hell," and hence he succeeded.
He began to put thorns on all of the trees,
And mix up the sand with millions of fleas
And scattered tarantulas along the roads;
He put thorns on the cactus and horns on the roads;
He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers,
And put an addition on the rabbits' ears;
He put a little devil in the bronco steed,
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
The mosquito delights you with buzzing wings;
The sand burrs prevail and so do the ants,
And those who sit down need half soles on their pants.
The devil then said that throughout the land
He'd manage to keep up the devil's own brand,
And all would be mavericks unless they bore
Marks of scratches, bites and thorns by the score.
The heat in the summer is a hundred and ten—
Too hot for the devil and too hot for the men.
The wild boar roams through the black chaparral,
It's a hell of a place he has for a hell.
The red pepper grows on the banks of the brook;
The Mexicans use it in all that they cook.
Just dine with a "Greaser" and then you will shout:
"I've a hell on the outside as well as the out."

A NEW YORK PICTURE

A letter from a New York visitor printed in the New York Times says: "Last night as I went home thro' Madison square I saw ten or a dozen men sitting on the benches under the trees, being soaked by the rain, which was falling copiously. Some were old and white-headed, some were young and bedraggled—but all were trying to find rest in the park and in the rain. Some of them had pieces of newspapers wrapped about them for warmth, poor men. It was near one o'clock and the scene is a common one, whether in autumn, winter or spring."
We have seen the same sight and have often wondered why these foolish people do not come to Florida, even if they have to tramp.
Gainesville is going to have three handsome new structures on the state University grounds. These buildings will be first class and modern in every respect and will be a great credit to our sister city.